



"Then You Can't Go With Us to See the Cricket!"

# ARCHIBALD'S AGATHA

By EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON  
AUTHOR OF "THE REAL AGATHA"

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER V.

Archibald Terhune, a popular young bachelor of London, is suddenly aroused from the slumber of indolence by the leads, by the startling news from the law firm of Barnes, Wroughton & Son, that he is the heir to a sheep farm in Australia bringing in an income of £20,000 a year. The bequest comes from an aunt, Mrs. Georgiana James of Essex. She makes him her heir on condition that he marry within ten days or forfeit the legacy to a third cousin living in America. The story opens at Castle Wyckoff, where Lord Vincent and his wife, staunch friends of Terhune, are discussing plans to find Terhune a wife within the allotted time. It seems that Lady Vincent is one of seven persons named Agatha, all of whom have been close childhood chums. She decides to invite two of them to a party at the castle and have Archie there as one of the guests. Archie accepts the invitation and the Vincent discusses his prospects in all their varied bearings. He listens to their descriptions of the two Agathas and decides that the sixth shall be his choice. Agatha first and Agatha sixth arrive at the castle. Agatha, the sixth, strikes Archie as a hand-painted beauty. Agatha first is a breezy American girl. Only eight days remain for Archie to secure a bride. Lady Vincent tells her husband that Agatha the Sixth already cares for Archie. The plot starts working with both girls unaware of the urgency of the situation. Archie, Agatha, the Sixth, and the admission that she cares for him, but will require a month's time fully to make up her mind.

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"And I see that you aren't on my side any more, Mrs. Wilfred," said Terhune bitterly. "I thought you wanted to help me!"

"I do," she answered, turning on him earnestly; "that's just what I want to do most in the world! Only you don't understand how I want to help you!"

"And I don't care!" he replied angrily. "If only you'll use your influence with Agatha Sixth to make her cut short the period of my probation and make it only as long as the remaining days of this week! Ah, do, Mrs. Wilfred! Dear Lady Vincent, do! I know you can!" and he caught her hand entrancingly.

"But I shan't—anything of the sort!" she said, putting it away again; "you're too much in need of a lesson! Believe me, it's for your own good. Besides," she added, "it wouldn't do a bit of good if I were to speak to her! I couldn't give her any reason for trying to hurry her decision. I can't tell her about your Aunt Georgy and the property in Australia, can I?"

"Thanker, no!" answered Terhune; "that would never do! She wouldn't like that part of it, at all!"

"Naturally not. She wouldn't like to think you only wanted to marry her for a reason as mercenary as that! I don't wonder you wish to keep your real motive from her." As she said this my wife favored Terhune with a scornful and penetrating glance.

He hung his head, and I confess I felt a bit dashed myself. Women always have the most intensely romantic notions of honor and that sort of thing, and it makes a fellow feel awkward. You can't explain to 'em, you know.

"But that isn't the only reason," he began, and put his hand to his short mustache nervously, as he does when he's genuinely moved.

"Very well, then," quoth my wife cheerily, "if that's the case you're sure to come out all right in the end! You've only to prove your other reason to Agatha Sixth, that's all!"

"Do you mean because you think she'll change her mind and give Archie his answer in time?" I shouted after her, for she had already started back toward the house, I knew instinctively to find Agatha Sixth.

"No," she called back over her shoulder for our further comfort, "because I think Archie will be man enough to change his mind for her! And we had to be content with that."

The Castle Wyckoff house-party were assembled on the east terrace, and it was the fourth day of the ten which were to decide Archie's fate. Arch himself, with a countenance as anxious and troubled as if he had not already obtained a guarantee of good faith from Agatha Sixth which was in all probability to insure his inheritance for him, was leaning gloomily against the broad stone railing of the porch and gazing somberly at the white peacocks that strutted in self-conscious magnificence about the close-cut lawn. Agatha Sixth, who should undoubtedly have been at his side, considering that there was between them something in the nature of an engagement understood, was seated as far away from him as possible in a low rocker at my wife's feet, across the terrace from him.

As for Agatha First, she was knocking a golf ball around on the velvet lawn and absolutely ignoring the humble attentions of young Leslie Freer, the rector's son, whom we had at length succeeded in foisting upon her as cavalier.

I thought the party was too dull for ten o'clock in the morning of a rippling June day, and I threw the cigarette I'd been smoking over the railing and set myself to rousing them all to a more becoming state of jollity.

"I say, you people!" I cried cheerily, "what do you want to do today? It couldn't be finer weather. What do you say to a drive over to Northbury to see the cricket? Northbury and Lowshire are going to play."

These were two crack teams and I expected to extract enthusiasm from Arch if not from the girls, because I knew he was as keen on cricket as I. But he only made me the most indifferent kind of assent while none of the others took up the idea at all.

I looked rather reproachfully at Dearest. She usually backs up any propositions of mine, but I saw that she was busy explaining the intricacies of some stitch or other to Agatha Sixth and forgave her.

"So I tried again.

"Don't you think it would be sport?" I asked, walking over to her and putting my hand on her shoulder. "It's such a bully day for a drive!"

"Yes," she cried, turning to me at once, all animation. "I do think it would be sport! Come, let's all get ready and go. When's the match played?"

"Eleven thirty," I told her, "and shall we motor or take the drag?"

"Oh, motor!" she said, "by all means! Driving's too slow!" But just as we had succeeded in fetching Agatha First and Freer from the lawn and had won a lukewarm assent to the plan from them and a more enthusiastic one from Arch, who had begun to realize in spite of his anxieties that cricket was cricket after all, something occurred which changed the formation of our party most unexpectedly.

That something was a wire for Terhune, stating that his presence was absolutely necessary in London that day and signed by the head partner of the business firm with which Terhune was connected.

"O, what a nuisance!" said my wife when Terhune had informed us in general terms of the necessity for his immediate departure for town.

"What a hang-dog shame!" was my more forceful comment. Agatha Sixth said nothing at all, but Agatha First came forward with more show of interest and feeling than I'd seen her exhibit over anything since the beginning of her stay with us.

"You won't be gone long, will you, Mr. Terhune?" she asked anxiously.

"O, no! I can be back for dinner," said Arch, trying as I thought, not to look pleased by her solicitude.

"It's not a matter that requires much time," he added to me in an undertone. "I should be able to dispatch it this afternoon."

"Then you can't go with us to see the cricket!" continued Agatha First, interrupting our aside by her approach, as if just realizing what Terhune's absence really meant. And again I felt that the interest in Arch's goings and comings should have come not from her, but from Agatha Sixth, who had said nothing. And when Agatha First added: "Well, if you must go, you must. But be sure to be back in time to show that new move in our chess game." Then, laughing, "Remember, it's a date!" I thought no more than ever. Terhune, reddening slightly, muttered something and left us to pack his bag. Left us, and without so much as a word to Agatha Sixth.

Frankly, I didn't like the look of it. And I know Dearest felt the same way. We had observed with some anxiety, not to say surprise, that during the last day or two Terhune and Agatha First had struck up an extraordinary intimacy. Extraordinary of course in the light of the affair between Terhune and Agatha Sixth, though of course Agatha First could not have been aware of that. I had told Dearest when we had first observed this new stake in our match-making venture, that it was explained by Agatha Sixth's action in delaying her answer when Terhune had proposed. Feeling that things were now "up to her," as my American brought-up wife would say, the old boy had resolved to let matters pretty much alone. And I couldn't blame him. I thought his friendship with Agatha First rather a judgment on Agatha Sixth for playing with him in that manner. But not so Dearest! When I had advanced this idea she had withered me with a look and had declared it to be her opinion that an attachment that couldn't stand the fire of a little conventional jealousy, which she thought one of the most inalienable of women's rights, was not worth having, and that I could not excuse or explain Arch's conduct in that way.

However that may be, when Agatha First and young Freer had rapped out of sight in the direction of the garage for the fun of telling the men themselves to send the electric runabout around, Agatha Sixth rose slowly from the little rocker where she had sat through all the talk as if she were not at all concerned in it, and clenching her sewing in one small hand, walked past us in silence toward the house.

"Are you going to get ready, dear?" ventured my wife to the small rigid back. "We start right away, you know."

There was a moment's silence, and then at the door she turned the bravest little face toward us you ever saw.

"Yes," she said sweetly. "I'm going to get ready. You needn't think I shall stay at home just because he's not going." The "he's" was emphasized. "I'd rather go without him anyway!" And she vanished into the house.

My wife and I stared at each other. "Well, what do you think of that?" I exclaimed.

"I think she's a little heroine!" the secretary—I mean Dearest—answered. "As for that man!—" she stopped, but her expression was such that I was glad Terhune wasn't there to see it.

"Well, it is a shame!" I conceded. "He ought not to treat the poor little girl so! What can he be about, anyway? If he doesn't take care he'll jolly well fall between two stools!"

"Yes, if you mean the girls by 'stools,'" agreed Dearest, and serve him right, too—the old flier! But Wilfred," and she fixed me with a look that I secretly trembled before, because it means an unpleasant duty to be performed by me, "you must find out what he's up to! But before I could reply we were in the midst of hurried farewells to Terhune, who if he were in disgrace, was also our guest, and we had packed him off in the little runabout to catch his train, without a word of rebuke.

Not half an hour later we were standing on the steps of the side entrance to the castle in our automobile togs, with Agatha Sixth and Leslie Freer, waiting for Agatha First, or Miss Endicott—to use her proper name once in a while—to join us before starting on our trip to see the cricket. Freer, a pale-eyed, sandy-haired young chap, was enveloped in one of the coats that go with the machine for the convenience of chance guests, and was promising us that he would be quite comfortable, though no one seemed particularly solicitous.

"I wonder why Miss Endicott doesn't come—she's so slow," he remarked for the twentieth time, at least.

But it wasn't until I had quite finished fussing with the machine, a six-cylinder touring car, having gone over every part of her with the chauffeur, and was beginning to get a bit impatient, that the young lady who was responsible for the delay appeared in the hall entrance.

But to our astonishment she did not wear so much as a linen duster over the white frock she had worn that morning to indicate that she intended to motor with us that day.

"Good gracious, Aggie, dear!" expostulated Dearest from the tonneau where she and Agatha Sixth were already ensconced, "aren't you going to wear anything warmer than that? It's cold motoring, you know, even in June."

"But I'm not going, Agatha," replied the girl pleasantly. "I've decided not to!"

"Decided not to!" echoed her hostess, a little taken aback, "and why, please?" While Freer added a drawing, "O, I say, Miss Endicott, that's a shame! We can't go without you, you know!" to her expostulation.

"No, I can't go," explained Agatha First, coming down a step or two. "You see—you see—" she passed a strong brown hand, across a fine, sun-burnt forehead, "I don't feel very well. I've the worst headache! Knocking that ball around in the sun so long this morning, I guess," she added, looking severely at the young man from the village, much as if it were his fault.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Dress Up-to-Date.

### GOWNS FOR STREET

MOST SENSIBLE SIDE OF FASHION HERE SHOWN.

Autumn Styles Are Considerably Varied This Year—Selection to Suit Different Tastes Is Therefore Made Easy.

### SUITABLE FOR YOUNG GIRL

Two Costumes That Would Make Up Well in Many Kinds of Popular Material.

The first costume would look well in any fabric. The skirt is a five-gored shape, trimmed down center of front and round foot by Russian braid, which is sewn on in a Greek key design. The coat is semi-fitting, and has

wrapped seams down sides of front and back. It is trimmed with braid to match skirt. The plain coat sleeves are the same. An embroidered lawn collar finishes the neck.

Navy blue Tzart hat, trimmed with a wreath of deep pink roses.

Materials required: 5 1/2 yards serge 46 inches wide, about 4 dozen yards braid, 4 yards silk for lining coat.

The second is a smart style, made up in auricular face cloth.

The coats that accompany these skirts manifest the new vogue in a number of ways, but all things said and done, the sack coat is pretty much the same as in also the Russian blouse, for this jacket model is seen again, and is, indeed, much exploited by French makers. Upon the practical suits for both women and misses little trimming will be used, a contrasting color on the collar and handsome buttons being considered enough. But if the suit is a fine one rich trimmings may appear in panels on the loose coat, or a Russian blouse will turn back over a gay embroidered vest, while a very dressy suit here and there may be trimmed on the skirt as well as on the jacket. But for the



THE LATEST IN HANDBAGS

Novel and Varied Are the Designs That Are Now Being Shown in the Shops.

Here are some of the very newest things in the handbag line.

A fitted bag for week-ends is of seal leather, with an overhanging box frame ten inches wide. It is equipped with a leather pocketbook and serves as a toilet and manicure articles. The lining is of red leather and the frame is in rose or green gold, with burnished metal pieces.

A very exclusive and luxurious little bag is of blue cross-grain saffian leather with a frame of imitation ivory and a lining of blue moire. It has duplicate strap handles and an equipment of change purse, cardcase and bevel mirror. There is a novelty unbreakable clasp.

Still smaller, for afternoon use, is a green cross-grain saffian leather bag, five and one-half by six inches. It has a gold-plated frame concealed between two flaps and flanked on each side by pockets. Duplicate strap handles are again used here, and there come with the bag, in pockets beneath the outer front flap, a mirror, a kid-lined powder-puff pocket and a slate with a gold pencil.

Another bag of dark green morocco, nine inches wide, has a mother of pearl frame, held on by green bands of pearl frame, held on by green bands of pearl frame, held on by green bands of pearl frame.

The lining is gray calfskin, with a change purse, a powder-puff pocket and a mirror. The handle is so made as to fall flat against the bag when folded down.

A bag with an overlapping box frame of German silver, one-half entering into the other like a box and its lid, is of black walrus with black bag lining, and there are a vanity accessory and a coin purse.

Red and blue cross-grain saffian leather, suede, walrus and mottled or beaver calf are all in all the best choice for handbags this season.

### Handy Travel Box.

If there are no drawers for holding the surplus stock of dish towels, holders, cleaning cloths and the like which should always be in readiness, get a wooden box high enough to make a comfortable seat; having the cover on hinges, pad the top of it and cover with blue denim, when you will have a suitable receptacle.

### Way to Select Partners.

A clever way to ask the men to select partners at an evening party is to get each girl to bring the earliest picture of herself obtainable. The pictures are numbered, the hostess having a list of each name opposite the number so when the time comes for making revelations she can do it quickly and with certainty. Just before time for the game or refreshments for which partners are necessary pass a basket or tray with the pictures turned face down; ask each man to draw one and find the original.

### Colored Eyelet.

A new touch in trimming is colored English eyelet embroidery worked on white and introduced at the neck and sleeves of the new gowns. It is seen also in many of the middie and Byron collars now so fashionable. The white fabric need not be linen; this effect is seen also on unwashable materials in dress frocks, and it gives a very pretty touch when used as a white silk chemise (for instance) embroidered in eyelet in the color of the gown.

### Crib Cover.

A pretty crib cover may be made from a yard each of white and pale blue or pink flannel. On the colored flannel embroider a flower and bow-knot design; on the white a conventional border and a large central monogram. Bind the two together by means of a wide satin ribbon and put a bow or rosette in one corner, with the colored side considered as the top.

### The Newest in Collars.

Byron and Dutch collars both continue in favor. Jabots are especially popular in the lacy varieties. The new collars are often of changeable silk with Persian satin or of plain satin trimmed with a plaited quilting of Porsian silk.

### Wearing Jewelry.

This is not to be a lecture on the poor taste of wearing diamonds with shirtwaists and rare jewels on the field. The woman who is not convinced by this time that such things are bad form will never learn.

## Agatha Penryn's Query

By EMMA J. BOWEN

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Aunt Penelope—Aunt Penryn, for short—waved a fan, ringed hand at a row of ancestral portraits on the wall. "These," she said, sternly, "are the people on whom you are determined to bring a public scandal, Agatha."

It was not the first time in my experience that Aunt Penryn had brought me before this court of the past, that hung in the upper hall. I had broken my engagement, one Aunt Penryn had planned and executed for me, and with the wedding day but a week off.

For forty-odd years Aunt Penryn had worshipped at the shrine of family as it was pictured here. For instruction, correction or reproof, she had always brought me to face these shadows in their atrocious frames. To her they reflected the glorious and honorable past of the family of Penryn. To me they seemed a quaint, half-giddy array of men and women who, in their day and time, had believed themselves unworshiped and correct. Some of the women wore monstrous hoopskirts, some of them held up attenuated arms to display leg-o-mutton sleeves; others faced the world from the depths of huge poke bonnets. They were all object lessons, teaching the absurdity of some fashions that have passed away.

Some of the men, with their great shoe buckles, resembled the pictures of George Washington; some of them—these must have been the portraitists of the Penryns—were wildly long hair, that had the appearance of being uncombed. None of the gentlemen, in the matter of apparel, would

have passed muster in any society of which I knew, unless, perhaps, they had chosen to frequent with the butler and the coachman, or associates with the members of a waiters' union.

For the most part the faces of my forbears were fat, placid, smiling and satisfied in expression. In their eyes there was a look of reproach for me, with one exception. I thought I detected in the face of my great-uncle, Peter Penryn, a look of sober sympathy. His portrait hung lower than the rest, at the rear of the hall—for a reason. Tradition said that after a long engagement, arranged for Uncle Peter by his friends, he had been sued for breach of promise; that he had eagerly paid what the court thought was sufficient balm for his act of treachery, and had lived and died a bachelor, thus losing caste among the ancient and honorable people who looked down from the wall as I followed Aunt Penryn to their high tribunal, to explain why the engagement was broken—why I would not be married as she and the ancestors had expected.

It was a trying ordeal for me. I loved Aunt Penryn devotedly, and had spent 20 years under her roof and in her care—I was five and twenty. The wedding trousseau was upstairs, some of it in the partially packed trunks, and the bridesmaids were in readiness and on tiptoe; the wedding breakfast was ordered. I knew that the breaking of my promise would give Aunt Penryn the most intense pain, as it had done.

To save her feelings and to keep my place in her affections, I descended to subterfuge.

"Aunt Penelope," I declared, "it isn't my fault that Leon—Mr. Masters—desires to break the engagement."

"Desires? What are you saying, Agatha? Declines to marry a Penryn, with the invitations all out, the bishop invited to preside and with a beautiful bride, such as you will be?"

"He does," I faltered, with a sudden determination to see Leon Masters at once and make him tell Aunt Penryn it was his wish to be free. Why I had come to the decision not to marry Leon—why I had sent him a letter breaking off the marriage at the last moment, I could hardly explain. I felt that his being younger than I—Leon was twenty-two—all at once separated us. We had played together in childhood. We had been sweethearts in early youth, but with the wedding day a week off I felt that I was taking a mean advantage of a child to marry Leon. I did not love him.

But I might have known better than to tell this story to Aunt Penryn, born fighter that she was. Since I could remember, Aunt Penryn had never been so happy as when she was doing battle with some one. I loved her warlike spirit, but when she changed in a minute to the soldier she was, and declared, "Agatha, this shall be looked after immediately!" I saw far consequences of my rash conduct. She left me with her fine eyes glowing with battle light, and I fled in the dimness that had waited for me for an hour to the office of Leon Masters.

He had received the letter that morning, I knew, if the mail had done their usual work. He took me to his inner sanctum and I hurried my explanation:

"Leon—Mr. Masters—I've told Aunt Penryn that you—that you are the one who didn't wish—she is hurt, very much hurt, Leon, and angry—and I thought that perhaps you would tell her that it is you who decided that it isn't best!"

Leon looked unutterably relieved. "Is that all, Agatha?" he said. "I was afraid—very much afraid—that you did not mean—that you might have reconsidered your letter—that you were not—that you wanted to go on, you know!"

His blunt words, his evident satisfaction with what I had done brought the hot blushes to my face. And I had expected to find him overwhelmed with grief—had even pictured his efforts to win me back!

"So," I stammered, "you really didn't!"

"No, Agatha, I really didn't, but I would not have caused you any—er—embarrassment—not for a king's ransom. And God had set his heart on it—he thinks you are perfection, Agatha—and you are. I didn't want you ever to suspect how I had really begun to feel about it! Dear old Aunt Penryn! Of course, I'll see and tell her that it is what I wished to do!"

"Worse and worse! Home I went, hot and trembling. I shut myself in my room and would see no callers. Toward evening, when I had reasoned it all out, and had begun to be glad we had both been saved from our friends and from the great mistake, Aunt Penryn came to me with a triumphant light in her eyes.

"Agatha, my poor lamb," she said, "Leon's father has come to see things right. You must come down and see him."

When I reached the drawing room, where he waited, I could not help thinking how young and handsome Leon's father looked. He might have been forty-five—he had been a widower for many years. He took my hand in his.

"Agatha! Miss Penryn!" he said, "what can I say to you—what can I do?"

Sitting there with my hand in his, I told him the whole bald, disagreeable truth. He bent over me when I had finished.

"Agatha!" he whispered. "Dear! Love that had fled from a long courtship came to me, that instant without any courtship. I loved Leon's father, and I knew that I found myself swept, unresisting, into his arms. Aunt Penryn came in soon, and we told her of the change, and restored her to normal afterward. There was to be a wedding on the day set. I would marry Leon's father. There would be a little gossip, of course, there is always a buzz of excitement over the marriage of an elderly man who writes checks sometimes in seven figures.

When I went upstairs on that night of my second betrothal I glanced across the wall at the faces of my ancestors. They seemed to smile approval at me, all but one. My great uncle, Peter Penryn, lay face down on the floor, a perfect ruin. When he fell, or why, I never knew. Was he ashamed of me, I wonder, or was he overcome with joy?

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